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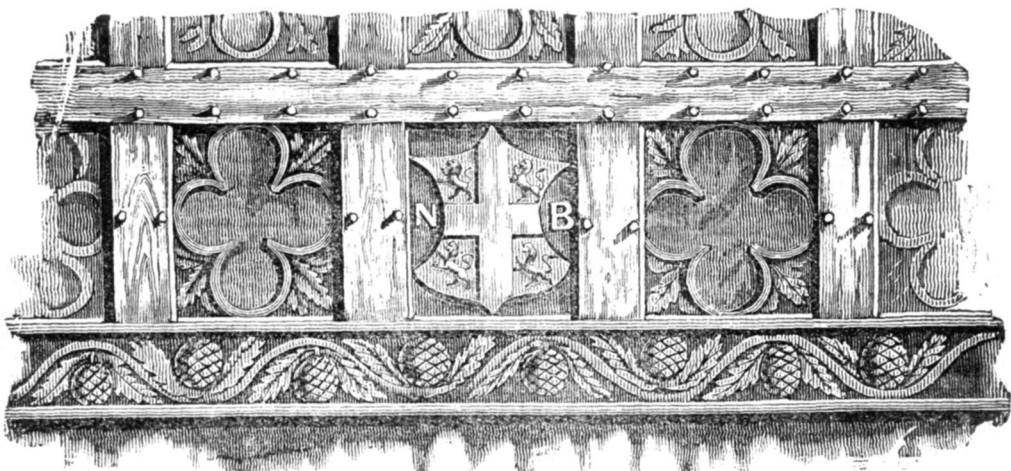


*Wooden House, Drogheda; erected, 1570; taken down, 1824.*

**WOODEN HOUSE IN DROGHEDA.**

This building was erected A. D. 1570, by Nicholas Bathe, a member of a family which appears to have had considerable possessions in the county of Meath, Athcarne

Castle, a few miles beyond Duleek, being erected by William Bathe, in the year 1590; and it appears, by the inscriptions, that the carpentry of both buildings was executed by the same person, viz. Hiv Mor, or Hugh Moore.



*Specimen of Carving on the Panelling of the House, with the Arms of De Bathe, the Founder.*

It occupied the angle formed by the junction of Laurence's-street and Shop-street, the principal front being in the latter, and was composed chiefly of oak, said to have been obtained from Melifont park; it consisted of three stories, the upper projecting beyond that immediately beneath. The upper or attic story was composed of strong square oak framing, with spandril pieces, each piece forming a quadrant, or segment of a circle, the interstices filled with plaister; the principal, or, as we would now say, the drawing-room story, was of a more finished character, consisting of panneling or wainscot, each pannel being about a foot square, and fancifully carved in quaterfoils and foliage, executed in good style; the rails and styles were also ornamented with projecting pins or trenails. It is difficult to say how the lower story was arranged, it having undergone many alterations; it was, however, extremely low, and latterly divided into several small shops.

In the angle on the drawing-room floor was a handsome semicircular bay window, consisting of four divisions, a pannel in the pedestal of which contained the arms of Bath, viz. a cross between four lions rampant, with the initials N. B.; this pannel was preserved by Peter Van Homreigh, Esq. the late Recorder. There was another projecting window in Shop-street, but it did not appear to be of such antiquity as the rest of the building.

On the bressumer, in Laurence-street, was the following inscription, in the antique raised letters used in the time of Queen Elizabeth, each about six inches long, and each word divided by a star:—

MADE • BY • NICHOLAS • BATHE • IN • THE • YEARE • OF •  
OUR • LORD • GOD • 1570 • BY • HIS • MOR • CARPENTER.

There is no doubt but at the time of erection this house was considered a "*Chef-de-œuvre*," and even in later times it was considered a curiosity, and commanded the admiration of many. Taaffe, among others, remarks, "*I have seen wooden houses in Pilnitz, Reichenau, and other towns of Bohemia and Germany, but none of such curious and elegant, as well as durable workmanship.*" He has, indeed, made a trifling mistake, with respect to its antiquity, as he continues, "*The date was carved in the oak, in figures about two feet long!! and I think it was 1074!!*"—thus adding only eighteen inches to the length of the figures, and 500 years to the age of the house.

The "Wooden House," after having, like Napoleon, "fulfilled its destiny," and being extremely rickety through "old age and infirmity," besides suffering under the obloquy of a very indifferent character, having been for many years suspected of harbouring rats, reprobates, and typhus fever, was at length condemned to annihilation by the corporation, and disappeared for ever in the year 1824; and the present handsome modern brick buildings were erected on its site. A.

There is nothing, perhaps, which an Irishman, on his first visit to England, sees with greater surprise than the great number of old wooden or cage-work houses which meet his eye in passing through the towns and cities, or which give him a better notion of the ancient respectability, and the durability of the institutions of the sister island. Of such early domestic architecture, he has probably seen no instances in his father-land, in which nothing has been spared or venerated for its antiquity, and every thing indicating the possession of wealth and prosperity is comparatively recent or new. In such buildings, however, he only sees a description of house which about two centuries ago were the usual habitations of the higher classes in the chief towns of Ireland, though scarcely one of the kind is now to be found. Stone houses first came into use in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and became general in that of her successor James. Brick houses followed towards the close of the 17th century. We shall illustrate this subject at some length in a succeeding number; but in the mean time we cannot close this notice of one of the most curious examples of the ancient wooden houses which survived to our times without directing the attention of the reader to an interesting fact connected with it—namely, that the drawing and description given above are the work and contributions of one of that class in whose service we are labouring—the people, a journeyman house-painter, who

preferring the cultivation of his mind to the riotous and ruinous indulgence of the pot-house, has acquired, in addition to the preservation of his health, the power of sketching like an artist, and of writing like a gentleman. In availing ourselves of his assistance, we are happy to pay him the homage of our respect, and to do him the justice of bringing his merits before the public; and we shall add, that such a man as Mr. Armstrong, of Ranelagh, would not in any other country but our own remain long without such friendly protection as would place him in a situation befitting his talents, and deserved by his propriety of character. P.

### PATRICK HEALY'S WISHES.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN D'ALTON, ESQ.

Oh! could I acquire my fullest desire,  
To mould my own life, were it given;  
I would be like the sage, who in happy old age,  
Disowus every link—but with heaven.

An acre or two, as my wants would be few,  
Could supply quite enough for my welfare;  
In that scope I would deem my power supreme,  
And acknowledge no king but—myself there.

The soil of this spot, the best to be got,  
Should furnish me fruit—and a choice store;  
Be sheltered and warm from rain and from storm,  
And favoured with sun-shine and moisture.

My home should abound, and my table be crowned  
With comfort, but not ostentation;  
The music of mirth should hum round my hearth,  
And books be my night's recreation;

Delightful retreat, in simplicity sweet!  
A wood and a streamlet should bound it;  
And the birds when I wake, from each bower and brake,  
Should pour their wild melodies round it.

This streamlet midst flowers, and murmuring bowers,  
In the shade of rich fruits should meander;  
While the brisk sunny race, o'er its sun-shiny face,  
Should leap—flit—and sportively wander.

These joys—yet once more might enliven my store,  
Redouble each comfort and pleasure;  
A wife, of such truth, such virtue and youth,  
That her smiles would be more than a treasure.

Let nineteen, and no more, to my twenty-four,  
Be the scale of her years to a letter;  
Then a babe every Easter, I think wont molest her,  
No—I warrant she'll like me the better.

*Hardiman's Minstrelsy.*

### CURRAN IN A DILEMMA.

Curran and Barrington were on a visit to a clergyman near Carlow, who had invited a party of jovial spirits to meet them. Dinner was appointed for five *precisely*, as Curran always stipulated for punctuality. The clock struck—the guests were assembled—every thing bespoke a joyous banquet—but the Counsellor was not to be found—six, seven came—day departed, and twilight approached, people were sent in every direction, but no tidings of him could be heard, except that he had been seen in the garden at four o'clock.

Yet every now and then a messenger came in to announce, that "an old man had seen a *counsellor*, as he verily believed, walking very quick on the road to Carlow." Another reported that "a woman who was driving home her cow, met one of the counsellors going leisurely towards Athy, and that he seemed very *melancholy*; that she had "seen him at the 'sises that blessed morning, and the people told her it was the great law preacher that was in it." Another woman who was bringing home some turf from the bog, declared before the Virgin and all the Saints that she saw "a little man in black with a stick in his hand going toward the Barrow;" and a collough, sitting at her own cabin door feeding the *childer*, positively saw a "black gentleman going down to the river, and soon afterward heard a great splash in the water at the said